NUMB. DIX.

The SPECTATOR.

Hominis frugi & temperantis functus officium. Ter.

Tuesday, October 14. 1712.

THE useful Knowledge in the following Letter ſhall have a Place in my Paper, tho' there is nothing in it which immediately regards the Polite or the Learned World; I ſay Immediately, for upon Reflection every Man will find there is a remote Influence upon his own Affairs, in the Proſperity or Decay of the Trading Part of Mankind. My preſent Correſpondent, I believe, was never in Print before; but what he ſays well deſerves a general Attention, tho' delivered in his own homely Maxims, and a Kind of Proverbial Simplicity; which Sort of Learning has raiſed more Eſtates, than ever were, or will be, from Attention to *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Tully*, *Seneca*, *Plutarch*, or any of the reſt, whom, I dare ſay, this worthy Citizen would hold to be indeed ingenious, but unprofitable Writers. But to the Letter.

Mr. WILLIAM SPECTATOR.

SIR, *Broadſtreet, Octob.* 10. 1712.

'I Accuſe you of many Diſcourſes on the Subject 'of Money, which you have heretofore promiſed the Publick, but have not diſcharged your 'ſelf thereof. But, forasmuch as you ſeemed to 'depend upon Advice from others what to do in 'that Point, have ſate down to write you the Needful upon that Subject. But, before I enter thereupon, I ſhall take this Opportunity to obſerve to 'you, that the thriving frugal Man ſhews it in 'every Part of his Expence, Dreſs, Servants, and 'Houſe; and I muſt, in the firſt Place, complain 'to you, as SPECTATOR, that in theſe Particulars 'there is at this Time, throughout the City of *London*, a lamentable Change from that Simplicity of 'Manners, which is the true Source of Wealth 'and Proſperity. I juſt now ſaid the Man of 'Thrift ſhews Regularity in every thing; but 'you may, perhaps, laugh that I take Notice of 'ſuch a Particular as I am going to do, for an 'Inſtance, that this City is declining, if their ancient 'Oeconomy is not reſtored. The Thing which 'gives me this Proſpect, and ſo much Offence, is 'the Neglect of the *Royal Exchange*; I mean the 'Edifice ſo called, and the Walks appertaining 'thereunto. The *Royal Exchange* is a Fabrick that 'well deſerves to be ſo called, as well to expreſs 'that our Monarchs higheſt Glory and Advantage 'conſiſts in being the Patrons of Trade, as that 'it is commodious for Buſineſs, and an Inſtance 'of the Grandeur both of Prince and People. But, 'alas! at preſent it hardly ſeems to be ſet apart 'for any ſuch Uſe or Purpoſe. Inſtead of the 'Aſſembly of honourable Merchants, ſubſtantial 'Tradeſmen, and knowing Maſters of Ships, the 'Mumpers, the Halt, the Blind, and the Lame, 'your Venders of Traſh, Apples, Plumbs, your 'Raggamuffins, Rakeſhames, and Wenches, have 'juſtled the greater Number of the former out of 'that Place. Thus it is, eſpecially on the Evening-'Change; ſo that what with the Din of Squa-'lings, Oaths, and Cries of Beggars, Men of 'greateſt Conſequence in our City abſent them-'ſelves from the Place. This Particular, by the 'way, is of evil Conſequence; for if the *Change* 'be no Place for Men of the higheſt Credit to fre-'quent, it will not be a Diſgrace to thoſe of leſs 'Abilities to abſent. I remember the Time when 'Raſcally Company were kept out, and the un-'lucky Boys with Toys and Balls were whipped 'away by a Beadle. I have ſeen this done indeed 'of late, but then it has been only to chaſe the 'Lads from Chuck, that the Beadle might ſeize 'their Copper.

'I muſt repeat the Abomination, that the Walnut 'Trade is carry'd on by old Women within the 'Walks, which makes the Place impaſſible by rea-'ſon of Shells and Traſh. The Benches around 'are ſo filthy, that no one can ſit down, yet the 'Beadles and Officers have the Impudence at 'Chriſtmas to ask for their Box, tho' they deſerve 'the Strapado. I do not think it impertinent to 'have mentioned this, becauſe it ſpeaks a Neglect 'in the Domeſtick Care of the City, and the Do-'meſtick

meſtick is the trueſt Picture of a Man every where elſe.

'But I deſigned to ſpeak on the Buſineſs of Money and Advancement of Gain. The Man proper for this, ſpeaking in the general, is of a ſedate plain good Underſtanding, not apt to go out of his Way, but ſo behaving himſelf at home, that Buſineſs may come to him. Sir *William Turner*, that valuable Citizen, has left behind him a moſt excellent Rule, and couched it in very few Words, ſuited to the meaneſt Capacity. He would ſay, *Keep your Shop, and your Shop will keep you.* It muſt be confeſſed, that if a Man of a great Genius could add Steadineſs to his Vivacities, or ſubſtitute ſlower Men of Fidelity to tranſact the methodical Part of his Affairs, ſuch a one would outſtrip the reſt of the World: But Buſineſs and Trade is not to be managed by the ſame Heads which write Poetry, and make Plans for the Conduct of Life in general. So, tho' we are at this Day beholden to the late witty and inventive Duke of *Buckingham* for the whole Trade and Manufacture of Glaſs, yet I ſuppoſe there is no one will aver, that, were his Grace yet living, they would not rather deal with my diligent Friend and Neighbour, Mr. *Gumley*, for any Goods to be prepared and delivered on ſuch a Day, than he would with that illuſtrious Mechanick above-mention'd.

'No, No, Mr. SPECTATOR, you Wits muſt not pretend to be rich; and it is poſſible the Reaſon may be, in ſome Meaſure, becauſe you deſpiſe, or at leaſt you do not value it enough to let it take up your chief Attention; which the Trader muſt do, or loſe his Credit, which is to him what Honour, Reputation, Fame, or Glory is to other Sort of Men.

'I ſhall not ſpeak to the Point of Caſh it ſelf, till I ſee how you approve of theſe my Maxims in general: But, I think, a Speculation upon *Many a Little makes a Mickle, a Penny ſav'd is a Penny got, Penny wiſe and Pound fooliſh, It is Need that makes the old Wife trot*, would be very uſeful to the World, and, if you treated them with Knowledge would be uſeful to your ſelf, for it would make Demands for your Paper among thoſe who have no Notion of it at preſent. But of theſe Matters more hereafter. If you did this, as you excel many Writers of the preſent Age for Politeneſs, ſo you would outgo the Author of the true Strops of Razors for Uſe.

'I ſhall conclude this Diſcourſe with an Explanation of a Proverb, which by vulgar Errour is taken and uſed when a Man is reduced to an Extremity, whereas the Propriety of the Maxim is to uſe it when you would ſay, There is Plenty, but you muſt make ſuch a Choice, as not to hurt another who is to come after you.

'Mr. *Tobias Hobſon*, from whom we have the Expreſſion, was a very honourable Man, for I ſhall ever call the Man ſo who gets an Eſtate honeſtly. Mr. *Tobias Hobſon* was a Carrier, and being a Man of great Abilities and Invention, and one that ſaw where there might good Profit ariſe, tho' the duller Men overlooked it; this ingenious Man was the firſt in this Iſland who let out Hackney-Horſes. He lived in *Cambridge*, and obſerving that the Scholars rid hard, his Manner was to keep a large Stable of Horſes, with Boots, Bridles, and Whips to furniſh the Gentlemen at once, without going from College to College to borrow, as they have done ſince the Death of this worthy Man: I ſay, Mr. *Hobſon* kept a Stable of forty good Cattle always ready and fit for travelling; but when a Man came for an Horſe, he was led into the Stable, where there was great Choice, but he obliged him to take the Horſe which ſtood next to the Stable-Door; ſo that every Cuſtomer was alike well ſerved according to his Chance, and every Horſe ridden with the ſame Juſtice. From whence it became a Proverb, when what ought to be your Election was forced upon you, to ſay, *Hobſon's Choice*. This memorable Man ſtands drawn in Freſco at an Inn (which he uſed) in *Biſhopſgate-ſtreet*, with an hundred Pound Bag under his Arm, with this Inſcription upon the ſaid Bag,

The fruitful Mother of an hundred more.

'Whatever Tradeſman will try the Experiment, and begin the Day after you publiſh this my Diſcourſe to treat his Cuſtomers all alike, and all reaſonably and honeſtly, I will enſure him the ſame Succeſs.

I am,

SIR,

Your loving Friend,

Hezekiah Thrift.

At the Deſire of ſeveral Perſons of Quality. By Her Majeſty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, this preſent Tueſday, being the 14th of October, will be preſented a Play call'd, Othello, Moor of Venice. The Part of Othello by Mr. Booth, Jago by Mr. Keene, Caſſio by Mr. Powell, Roderigo by Mr. Pack, Deſdemona by Mrs. Bracſhaw, Emilia by Mrs. Saunders: And all the other Parts to the beſt Advantage. And to Morrow being Wedneſday, will be preſented a Comedy call'd, Epſom-Wells. By her Majeſty's Command no Perſons are to be admitted behind the Scenes.

Loſt from a Lady's Side at St. James's Chappel, at Five a Clock Prayers on Sunday laſt, a Gold Watch Caſe: If any Body has found it, and will bring it to Mr. Seagoe's Coffee-Houſe over-againſt Furnival's Inn in Holbourn, ſhall have Two Guineas Reward, and no Queſtions aſked.

For SALE by the CANDLE.

To Morrow, the 15th Inſtant, at Loyd's Coffee-houſe in Lombard-ſtreet, at 3 in the Afternoon precisely (only one Hhd in a Lot) 12 Hhds of excellent New French Claret, of the very laſt Vintage, viz. Margaux, Obrion, and other of the beſt growths of France, clear, bright, ſtrong, freſh, with the true Leaf, fine racy, neat, and fit for preſent Bottling, Imported by Meſſieurs Touton and Guigeſen now under their Dwelling Houſe in Mark-lane in Fenchurch ſtreet. To be be ſeen and taſted this Day from 8 to 1, and from 2 to 6, and all to Morrow till the time of Sale. To be ſold by Tho. Tomkins Broker in Seething lane in Tower-ſtreet.

Juſt Publiſhed,

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